

# *Sketch*

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## Integration

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And though, for tenderness, he would not grip things with  
his teeth,  
He would not press his lips to us (they judged) from his  
timidity.  
But (he knew) their nests were overwarm,  
And though he liked to hear their songs,  
Their shackles he despised and would not wear.  
So as you try him, Deeds-Accomplished Judges,  
Ignore the lack of merit in his files,  
And remember, in a age when hearts and ears were blind,  
He was an accomplished listener.

## Integration

*by Joe Franko*

*English & Speech, Soph.*

Wet ground  
Around the sandstone slab  
Falls, sighing, to its lower level;  
Gathering the water  
Falling off the vine and down  
To merge itself with grass, new cut,  
Into the brown wine, green wine, pools  
Above your head,  
The cemetery workers in  
Cover-alls, pressed and dry,  
Will meet here soon  
With the living sun  
And run the bones above you  
For a seven or eleven,  
As silently you smile without lips,  
And your tombstone,  
Huge and Important,  
Will cover-up their fun from  
Bossing white eyes.  
The black dots sit  
Upon the ivory bones.